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SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.

A Farce, in One Act.

BY W. E. SUTER.

BOSTON:
CHARLES H. SPENCER,

33 WASHINGTON STREET.

1867.

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SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| ROYAL SURREY THEATRE, LONDON, APRIL, 1856. | | BOSTON THEATRE, SEPT. 18, 1858. | |
|--|-------------------|------------------------------------|--|
| MR. MOGGRIDGE, <i>a victim to the Green Monster,</i> | Mr. Vollaire. | Mr. W. H. Curtis. | |
| HARRY FIELDING, <i>rather prepossessing and rather fast</i> | Mr. Phelps. | Mr. N. T. Davenport. | |
| SAM SLOELEAF, <i>of "The People's Tea Pot," Sarah's Young Man,</i> | Mr. Widdicombe. | Mr. Dan. Setchell. | |
| MRS. MOGGRIDGE, <i>a sympathetic Mamma,</i> | Mrs. Wollidge. | Mrs. France. | |
| ARAMINTA, <i>the admired and admirer of Harry,</i> | Miss Mary Seyton. | Miss Fanny France. | |
| SARAH TIBBS, <i>Maid-of-all-work, with a strong antipathy to white hats,</i> | Miss E. Sanders. | Miss Josephine Orton. | |

COSTUME.

Moggridge. — Blue body coat, white waistcoat, white cravat, drab trousers; aged about fifty-five.

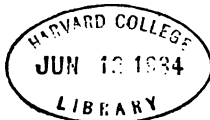
Fielding. — Modern suit.

Sam. — Extravagant Widdicombe trousers, Selby waistcoat, Buckstone coat, and all-round collar.

Mrs. Moggridge. — 1st dress. — Silk morning-dress. 2d dress, — Bonnet, &c.

Araminta. — 1st dress. — Lady's morning-dress. 2d dress, — Bonnet, &c.

Sarah. — Figured muslin, apron, and cap.



SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.

SCENE. — *Interior of a Country Villa, handsomely furnished. Door C., Doors L. 1 E. and L. 2 E., Door R. 2 E., French Window, opening on to lawn. L. C., sofa L. C. Flower-stands, tables, chairs, vases, carpet, &c.*

SARAH TIBBS *discovered looking out at door, R. C., and making signs, as if to some one in the distance.*

Sarah. Not yet, *(in a half whisper)* they are not yet gone — hide in the pig-sty. *(shutting door and coming forward)* Oh! if master or missus sees him, it's all over; and I daren't shout to him. If ever again I take a place where no followers ain't allowed, my name ain't Sarah Tibbs, that's all; but Sarah Tibbs will soon be Mrs. Sloeleaf, and then, perhaps, I shall have somebody to wait on me. Sha'n't get a servant like Sarah Tibbs, though — 't isn't likely — Tibbses is scarce.

Enter HARRY FIELDING, D. R. C.

Harry. I'll swear I saw a man stooping behind the palings, and if it should be *that* man — *(SARAH courtseys)* Oh, Sarah, have you this morning seen anybody, any man I mean, lurking about the house?

Sarah. (aside) Oh, gracious! he has been and caught a glimpse of my Sammy.

Harry. (sharply) Why don't you answer me?

Sarah. N-n-no!

Harry. No; are you sure?

Sarah. (aside) I think I had better say yes.

Harry. Well!

Sarah. Well, ye-ye-yes, I did see just now —

Harry. (eagerly) Ah! and what was he like?

Sarah. Like — like a man.

Harry. I'll horsewhip him.

Sarah. Oh, dear!

Harry. But what was he like — how shall I know him?

Sarah. Can't tell you no particulars, only that he had got a white hat on.

Harry. That's enough — thank you. *(goes up and looks out of window)*

Sarah. (*aside*) What does he mean? but it doesn't matter; whatever it is, he won't suspect my Sammy, 'cause he always wears a black hat — I saw a black hat on his head just now. He never does, and never would, wear nothing but a black hat; it's mostly bad characters as wears a white hat — and my Sam — my ain't nothing of that sort.

Exit, L. 1 E.

Harry. Only let me get hold of the fellow, and —

Enter ARAMINTA, R. D.

Ahem!

Ara. You here, Harry, and so early; but dear me, how oddly you look.

Harry. Do I? umph! Last week Mrs. Fisgig gave a party and ball, and — and I have heard all about it.

Ara. About what?

Harry. A puppy named Frizzle — I don't know him — wish I did, but I am on his track — was very attentive to you — danced with you twice — yes; sat beside you at supper — poured nonsense into your ear —

Ara. How do you know it was nonsense?

Harry. How could a fellow with such a name as Frizzle be expected to talk sense! and he is rich, I am told, and —

Ara. And passably good-looking — and vowed he idolized me — would follow my every step throughout the world.

Harry. And begin by haunting your abode. Oh, I know all about it — know that he has been near this house — behind the palings — is there now, very likely, and, if so — (*going*)

Ara. Harry, my dear Harry, do not be foolish; Frizzle is a noodle, and I only laughed at him.

Harry. Ah, well, but — if he dares to enter this house —

Ara. Let us leave this folly, for I have a serious question to ask you. Harry, are your debts paid yet?

Harry. (*starting*) What?

Ara. (*laughing*) You see I also know something — a friend — a London friend, has written me a very full account of your naughty doings — a sheet of paper entirely filled, and crossed and crossed. Oh, goodness, what a bad boy you have been!

Harry. Oh, a friend — ah, a female friend, of course.

Ara. Decidedly.

Harry. Well, dear Araminta, I will confess that until I knew you, I was rather — rather —

Ara. (*shaking her head*) Fast — eh?

Harry. Exactly!

Ara. Now, let me advise you to take care of yourself, for Lucy — that's my friend — assures me that she has it from good authority, that a sheriff's officer is after you, and has traced and followed you down here.

Harry. What — it cannot be!

Ara. I tell you it is, so take care of yourself — and now

be gone; out by the lane at the back of the house, in case he should be watching.

Harry. Very well — good-by, love.

Ara. And no more of Frizzle.

Harry. O no, certainly not. (*aside*) If I come across him there *shall* be no more of Frizzle. *Exit R. 2 E.*

Ara. I am certain Harry has reformed, or —

SARAH enters, L., and stealthily to C. D. — peeps out.

But if that horrid sheriff's officer should get him, all our happiness will be arrested. (*seeing SARAH*) Why, Sarah, what are you about? do you see anybody — anybody strange?

(*anxiously.*)

Sarah. No, no, miss, I —

Ara. You are fibbing — I can tell by your manner; now confess, you *have* seen a strange man about here.

Sarah. Yes, yes. (*aside*) Good gracious, what *does* it all mean?

Ara. How was he dressed?

Sarah. Don't know, miss — I only noticed that he had got a white hat on.

Ara. Ah, exactly. (*aside*) Those men do wear white hats. (*aloud*) Tibbs, do not let him enter the house if you can possibly help it. (*Exit R. D.*)

Sarah. Certainly not, miss. Can't make it out no how; but I must look out for Sammy, and — (*stepping towards C. D.*)

MRS. MOGGRIDGE enters L. 2 E., a letter in her hand.

Mrs. M. (eagerly) Sarah, have you observed any stranger near the house this morning?

Sarah. (starting — aside) Oh, my, here's another. Good gracious, will anybody tell me whether I am on my head or my heels?

Mrs. M. Your manner is sufficient — describe him to me.

Sarah. Well, missus, I noticed particularly that he'd got a coat on, and a —

Mrs. M. Yes, yes; but was there any peculiarity in his costume that —

Sarah. Yes, missus, he did wear a *pecooliliarty*.

Mrs. M. (laughing) Wear a what?

Sarah. A white hat, missus.

Mrs. M. A white hat — that is sufficient. Thank you, Tibbs.

Sarah. (aside) This is getting awful. If, now my Sammy is come, they shouldn't go to the Fubbs's! Oh, but if anything dreadful is going to happen, the white hat will save Sammy, 'cause, as I said afore, he always wears a black 'un.

Exit L. 1 E.

Mrs. M. Poor fellow, it can be none but he; and but for this visit to-day —

Enter MR. MOGGRIDGE, R. 2 E.

Mog. What, no bonnet on yet, Mrs. M.? — we shall be too late for the train.

Mrs. M. Oh, no, plenty of time.

Mog. Not at all — better be half an hour too soon than half a minute too late; that was always my maxim when in the counting-house, and I adhere to it now that I am no longer a merchant.

Mrs. M. Is it important that we should go to-day?

Mog. Certainly; Fubbs expects us — so get ready; the train leaves at eleven, the only one that stops at this village.

Mrs. M. Oh, no, there is another at five in the afternoon.

Mog. And of what use would that be to us? Really, madam, you appear very loath to depart; have you any reason for —

Mrs. M. (*hesitatingly*) Why should you think that I —

Mog. It is so; and my suspicions —

Mrs. M. Suspicions, sir! of what?

Mog. You were last week at Mrs. Fisgig's party?

Mrs. M. I know it.

Mog. And I know, too, that that fellow, Frizzle, "the village Adonis," as they term him, was there, and danced with you, and made himself vastly agreeable.

Mrs. M. (*smiling*) He certainly did amuse me.

Mog. Zounds, madam, you never confess that I amuse you.

Mrs. M. You do at present, greatly. But, by the by, talking of Mr. Frizzle, he said he should, some day soon, take the liberty of introducing himself to you.

Mog. Don't want to know him; never saw him, and don't wish to see him.

Mrs. M. It cannot be that you are jealous.

Mog. I don't know. If he dares to come here I'll kill him.

Mrs. M. (*laughing*) Absurd! (*changing her tone*) Mr. M., do you know this letter? (*giving it*)

Mog. Eh — yes — why, how did I lose it? Have you read it?

Mrs. M. I have — it is from your son, Augustus.

Mog. Yes, my son, by your predecessor, my first wife; a wild fellow he always was. Five years ago, and a year before I first had the happiness of meeting you, I got him placed with an old friend of mine, a merchant in Hamburg; he has chosen to leave, and has written for my permission to come home, and I answered, desiring him to stay where he was, and attend to business.

Mrs. M. And then came the letter you hold in your hand, which is dated from London, and I have reason to know that at this moment he is not far distant.

Mog. The disobedient scoundrel; but you are mistaken, madam, he would not presume to —

Mrs. M. You will see. And, as he is *my* son now, you know, I shall consider it my duty to — to —

Mog. To what, Mrs. M.?

Mrs. M. Oh, nothing, Mr. M.

Mog. Ugh —

Enter SARAH TIBBS, L. 1 E.

Sarah, mind that during our absence you keep all the doors and windows fast. We shall return to-morrow; and don't for one moment forget that which you thoroughly understood when we bired you.

Sarah. No followers allowed; — I ain't forgot it, sir.

Mrs. M. That's right.

Sarah. Don't want no young scamps arter me. Don't think I shall ever marry; but if I should, I'll have a respectable, staid, elderly man. I sees how happy missus is, and I almost envies her.

Mog. You talk like a sensible girl, and — and there — (*giving money*) there's half a crown for you.

Sarah. Thank you, sir. (*aside*) That will help to regale Sammy. Oh, won't he be tired of waiting.

Mog. Now, Mrs. M., will you put on your bonnet, and —

Mrs. M. Well, if we must go — *Exit L. 2 E.*

Mog. Her reluctance convinces me that —

Sarah. Ah, sir, when I sees how happy you are —

Mog. (*sharply*) Yes, girl, yes. (*aside*) Curse that Frizzle, he is somewhere at hand, no doubt, watching for — perhaps this girl has seen him; if so, I'll soon make her tell. (*turning abruptly to SARAH*) Tibbs! (*sharply*) have you seen a man lurking about the house this morning?

Sarah. (*aside — starting*) Oh! I've a great mind to faint!

Mog. You have! I am not angry with *you* — so describe him. What had he got on?

Sarah. Trousers, and —

Mog. 'Trousers! of course; I am not asking after a wild Indian, or a Highlander; but what was his attire like?

Sarah. A — a white hat

Mog. White hat! wears a white hat! that's enough — and if I come across him —

Enter MRS. MOGGRIDGE, L. 2 E., and ARAMINTA, R. 2 E.

Oh! ready at last — I am sure we have no time to lose.

Mrs. M. (*aside*) If I could but speak to Augustus before we go. (*aloud*) I wish it were possible to postpone this visit.

Mog. No doubt you do. (*aside*) Oh! that Frizzle — (*aloud*) We must go. Mrs. M., I blush for you!

Mrs. M. Mr. M!

Mog. Take my arm! Come, Araminta! (*as they go*) I desire that you will both step out, or —

Sarah. Oh, how nice, to see man and wife going out together, so cosey and happy!

Mog. Oh! go to the devil!

MOGGRIDGE drags off MRS. MOGGRIDGE and ARAMINTA, C. to R., followed by SARAH. After a pause,

SAM SLOELEAF. (appears at the window, L. C. wearing a hat wrapped in paper, tied with string) Turn, Sarah, and behold your Samuel! Sarah, I say, behold your Samuel! (*looking about*) And behold, there is no Sarah! (*takes his hat off, places it on chair near window, and advances*) I hope she won't be long, for I wish to see her before I be older. (*laughs*) What devilish droll things I do say. (*sits on table, L. C., and whistles*) I tell you what it is — I am getting peckish.

Enter SARAH, C. D. from L.

Sarah. They are fairly gone, thank goodness? and now — Ah! (*sees SAM and comes forward*)

Sam. (shouting) Sarah, behold your Samuel! (*sees her*) Ah, Samuel, behold your Sarah! You may embrace me, I'm not too modest. (*she approaches — he kisses her*) How lovely you do grow, Sarah.

Sarah. Oh, la!

Sam. What a handsome couple we shall be, sha'n't us, Sarah?

Sarah. Yes, Sammy.

Sam. Now, Sarah, I must politely request that you will not style me Sammy; you might as well call me Spooney, and I am rather inclined to believe, that I don't at all flatter myself when I say that there's nothing of the spooney about me.

Sarah. I should think not, indeed.

Sam. Exactly — we should think not, indeed.

Sarah. Missus says that you grocers adulterates all your goods. Is that true?

Sam. Can't say. I only know that, at our establishment, "The People's Tea-Pot," we don't adulterate — *much*. Occasionally, perhaps, a few horse-beans with the coffee, and —

Sarah. Ah — and the tea?

Sam. Well, with respect to our "three-and-four" — which is a mixed tea — that certainly is a mixture, and that's all the explanation I can give you; but, only think, the other day a lady walks into the shop, and asks Tom Jones, who was busy with another customer, for "half a pound of four-shilling black," and Tom shouts out, "Sloeleaf!" and then the lady says, "Nothing of the sort — I must have a genuine article!" And then didn't we grin — and I explained to her that my name

was Sloeleaf; and then she laughed, and I could see plain enough that she thought *me* a genuine article.

(pulling up his collar, and swinging his legs about)
Sarah. Shouldn't at all wonder. But I am so glad to see you, for oftentimes I've got quite mopish thinking about you.

Sam. That's like *me*. I feel stupid sometimes, and then I have a flare up with my pals — a sing-song, and such like — and, my eye! don't I come out strong with the "Ratcatcher's Daughter."

Sarah. Well, I'm sure — *(half crying)* you ought to feel ashamed to come out strong with any young woman, except me — and a ratcatcher's daughter, too! Ugh! disgusting! what low company you must keep.

Sam. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, ain't you jolly green — bless you, the "Ratcatcher's Daughter" is the last new and fashionable song.

Sarah. Oh, that's it?

Sam. No, this is it. *(whistles)*

Sarah. And did you get leave, easy, to come and see me?

Sam. Yes! I says to the proprietor of the "People's Tea-Pot," says I — "I want a day to go and see my young woman, who lives a little way in the country." "Take a day," says he. "Thank'ee," says I — and then didn't our chaps joke me — "So you are going down to see Sarah Tibbs?" says they. "Yes!" says I — "I'm going to see Sarah Tibbs's my Tibby" — and then, didn't they crack their sides; and Jim Davis, the dandy of our establishment, he exerted himself so much that he cracked his staylace. I heard it snap, and told 'em so, and then they all roared more than ever.

Sarah. Ha, ha, ha! and you will go back to-night?

Sam. Well, I have got a return ticket that would carry me over to-morrow, and I should like to remain till the morning, for it will come very hard to leave you again so soon, but whether I stay or not must depend on you, you know, my darling. *(putting his arm round her waist insinuatingly)* Just tell me, Sarah, my love, would you have any objection to my sleeping —

Sarah. *(hastily getting from him)* Mr. Sloeleaf!

Sam. At the little public house in the village.

Sarah. Oh — ah — yes! you *must* go home this evening, for master and missus — though I don't think they will — may return to-night; they are dreadful about "followers," and they owe me half a year's wages, and they wouldn't pay me a farthing if they found out about you, and they would discharge me at once.

Sam. What a savage old Moggridge he must be.

Sarah. Savage! if he caught you here I am sure he would murder you; and that isn't all.

Sam. Isn't it! but it would be quite enough for me.

Sarah. So mind you go this evening.

Sam. Certainly! I'll go directly, if you think there's any danger.

Sarah. Oh, no — till this evening there's nothing to fear; I can tell you, I mean to enjoy myself.

Sam. And so do I! (*kisses her*) And in the first place produce the grubbery.

Sarah. Oh, bless you, master has locked everything up.

Sam. Then it's all up with me. If everything's locked I'd better bolt.

Sarah. (*laughing*) Oh, don't be uneasy.

Sam. Wouldn't you, with a wolf gnawing your internals?

Sarah. Can't you run into the village and buy something nice there? Master gave me half a crown — (*offering it*) so take it, and —

Sam. What! stand treat with your money? what do you take me for? (*pockets it*) Let's get my hat. (*brings hat forward*)

Sarah. (*pointing to paper*) Why, goodness gracious, what's the meaning of that? you didn't put that on your head?

Sam. Thereby hangs a tale — just after your signing to me, I saw a fellow approaching the house, and as I stooped to avoid him, my hat fell off into the ditch on the other side of the hedge, and before I dared go after it, it had filled, sunk, and disappeared; so I was forced to walk down into the village to buy another hat; and just as I had got it in my hand, I saw old Moggridge and the others walking off — then, forgetful of all but you, I came here as fast as I could scamper — and what's particularly odd, the hatter's back being towards me when I ran off, I really quite forgot to pay him.

Sarah. But you *will* pay him?

Sam. Well, I'm afraid it wouldn't be safe now.

Sarah. How do you mean?

Sam. By this time, of course, he is resigned to his fate, and the sudden shock of receiving his money might be too much for him; as I wouldn't wish to do the poor man an injury — I must reflect upon the matter. But the hat seems a nice light article, and you shall tell me, Sarah, my darling, how I look in it.

(*takes off the paper, and puts the hat on his head — it is a white one*)

Sarah. (*aghast*) Oh, oh! it's a whi — whi — (*falls into chair — starting up*) Sammy, take off that hat, directly — there's something dreadful in it. (*SAM snatches the hat off hastily, and looks and feels inside*)

Sam. Something dreadful! what, alive? Good gracious! (*knocking the crown of it*) Oh, nonsense! (*putting it on again*) There's nothing but my head in it.

Sarah. Sammy, you never showed yourself to me afore in a white hat — if you had, I should never have liked you. Ugh!

I've a horror of white hats. Take it back and change it for a black one, directly.

Sam. Oh, very well. (*going*)

Sarah. You musn't go out so; don't put it on your head.

Sam. (*taking off hat*) Then what the devil am I to put on; and how can I go without —

Sarah. Here, stop! I saw one of master's hats on the table in missus's room — I'll get you that. *Exit L. 2 E.*

Sam. Make haste! What rum notions that girl has got — and, oh! ain't I hungry?

Enter SARAH with old-fashioned broad-brimmed black hat, L. 2 E.

Sarah. There, make that serve till — (*putting it on SAM's head, it falls down over his face*)

Sam. What a thick head old Moggridge must have — if I go out in this, it will be a decided case of "Who's your hatter?"

Sarah. Now put that nasty white hat in your pocket.

Sam. Oh, yes! It's a nice article to pocket, ain't it?

Sarah. Well, here, I'll wrap it up again.

Sam. No, never mind, I want to be off and get some peck, so this will do. (*puts the hat under his coat, behind, and goes up*)

Sarah. Oh, Sammy!

Sam. (*looking back*) What's the row now?

Sarah. It does stick out awful!

Sam. Never mind, it won't show — I'll walk sideways.

(*waddling up stage*)

Sarah. Stop, let me open the door for you.

(*runs and partly opens the door — utters a half-scream, slams the door to, and leans, nearly fainting against it. SAM starts violently — the black hat falls over his face, and the white hat drops on to the floor*)

Sam. (*pushing hat up*) There, she's at it again — she said she meant to enjoy herself, and I can only hope she's a-doing it.

Sarah. Sammy, they've come back.

Sam. They — who?

Sarah. Master, and —

Sam. Murder!

Sarah. That's what there will be if they find you here.

Sam. (*wringing his hands*) I'm kidnapped — I see it plainly. (*the hat falls over his eyes*)

Sarah. This must go back to missus's room.

(*takes hat from SAM's head and goes off with it, L. 2 E.*)

Sam. Oh, my internals!

Re-enter SARAH, L. 2 E.

Sarah. Hide somewhere, Sammy, while I run to meet them — then they won't suspect anything. (*going*)

Sam. No, I'll go out here — (*going to window*) across the lawn.

Sarah. (*pulling him back*) No, no, they would see you — hide somewhere till you can get quietly off; make haste, for goodness sake. Oh, what hobbles one gets in through one's young man. (*Runs off, C. to R.*)

Sam. Here's a nice mess; come along my unlucky friend. (*picking up white hat*) We two will go and join t'other hat in missus's room — and if missus wants to come in, she sha'n't, for I'll lock the door. Oh, lord! this is having a day out to see my young woman. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

SARAH re-enters, C. from R., and looks anxiously round — followed by MR. MOGGRIDGE, MRS. MOGGRIDGE, and ARAMINTA.

Sarah. Well, really, who would have thought to see you again so soon? Oh, I am so glad you have come back.

Mog. Go, girl, and bury yourself amongst the plates and dishes, and don't dare to show yourself again till I shall send for you.

Sarah. (*aside*) What a temper he is in. Oh, if he should come across my poor Sammy — where can he have hid himself? perhaps he has found his way to the kitchen. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

Mog. Lost the train! I knew we should — you two had conspired, for your own ends, to frustrate my intended visit. You didn't, either of you, want to go — you said so, and are of course glad that we missed the train. Confess, now — ar'n't you glad?

Mrs. M. I certainly am not sorry — (*aside*) For I am most anxious about poor Augustus.

Mog. She is glad — she says so. (*aside*) Oh, that infernal Frizzle. (*aloud to ARAMINTA*) And you, Mint, what do you say.

Ara. I really did not wish to go — (*aside*) for I feared that horrid sheriff's officer might —

Mog. You want to be dangling about with young Fielding — that is not so inexcusable; but your conduct, madam —

Mrs. M. Mr. Moggridge!

Mog. Go to your room, madam.

Mrs. M. (*smiling*) Exactly what I was about to do. (*approaches door, L. — is about to open it, stops — aside*) No; poor Augustus is, no doubt, somewhere near the house, and — (*aloud*) Araminta, will you accompany me — I am about to take a turn on the lawn?

Ara. Oh, with pleasure. (*aside*) Perhaps I may see that horrid —

Mog. (*aside*) She's going to look for Frizzle. (*aloud*) Madam, I command you to stay where you are.

Mrs. M. Mr. M., hitherto I have obeyed you, but on the present occasion you must really excuse me.

(*courtsies and goes off through window, with ARAMINTA, L. C. MOGGRIDGE falls into chair, C.*)

Mog. That's a settler. (*thrusting his hands into his pockets and stretching his legs out*) But I'll be revenged on the author of my misery.

Sam. (*looking out, L. D. 2 E., without hat*) Ah! seems quiet now, so I'll just —

(*puts his head round, he and MOGGRIDGE see each other — both utter an exclamation — MOGGRIDGE starts to his feet, and SAM disappears quickly, closing door*)

Mog. A man in my wife's room! perhaps it's Frizzle — but no — he wouldn't dare — no, no — impossible! 'tis some thief who intended during our absence to rob the house — but he sha'n't escape. (*shouting*) Vile robber, if you dare to resist — (*throws open the door*) Curse me if he isn't crawling under the bed.

(*rushes into the room, then are heard their voices in contention — a scuffle, and the breaking of a piece of crockery — SAM is brought out, and dragged forward by MOGGRIDGE*)

Sam. (*shaking him off*) Come, I tell you what, if this is a joke just say so, and drop it, will you? .

Mog. Midnight robber.

Sam. How do you mean midnight — can't you see it's broad daylight, you old ass?

Mog. Villain, beware, or I shall blow your brains out, instead of leaving you for the law to settle.

Sam. Moggy, my friend, perhaps you are not aware of it, but really, you are a dangerous lunatic — I don't feel safe with you, so I shall just take my hat and walk off.

(*returns to room, L. 2 E.*)

Mog. You will walk off in the custody of a policeman.

SAM re-enters with Moggridge's hat on his head.

Mog. You don't go, sir.

Sam. Stop me at your peril. (*aside*) I'll look fierce, and bounce him out of it. (*aloud*) Sir — (*putting hat on his head*) I say, sir — (*folding his arms and stamping — the hat falls over his eyes*)

Mog. My hat! the barefaced thief.

Sam. (*giving it to him*) Take the old guy, and now there's a pair of you.

Mog. (*laughing savagely*) Ha, ha, ha! you shall go to jail.

Sam. Well, I sha'n't go without my hat, for it's a very nice hat — I got it cheap. (*going towards room*)

Mog. Villain, enter that room again, if you dare.

Sam. Very well. (*walks off into room, L. 2 E.*)

Mog. Come back, sir. (*looking off*) He is crawling under the bed again. (*shouting*) What are you about, robber?

Sam. (*within — shouting*) Looking for my hat, lunatic.

Mog. If he should not be a thief — I begin to doubt it — suppose, after all, he *should* be —

SAM re-enters, the white hat on his head — MOGGRIDGE recoils.

Mog. It is! (*seizing him by the arm, and brings him forward*)
Frizzle!

Sam. Eh?

Mog. Frizzle!

Sam. Well, Frizzle away, old chap.

Mog. I confess, now, that you are no robber.

Sam. I accept your apology, Moggridge.

Mog. No, I am wrong — you *are* a robber.

Sam. Hollo! you're breaking out again. Sir, I'd scorn to steal your goods and chattels.

Mog. Yes, but you would think it no shame to rob me of my peace of mind.

Sam. Well, what then, Moggy? It's a very little piece, and you wouldn't miss it much.

Mog. I never saw you before, but I know you.

Sam. What an intelligent old cock you must be.

Mog. And, to convince you that I do, I repeat the Frizzle.

Sir, I say, (*shouting*) I repeat the Frizzle.

Sam. Well, do, go on — repeat the Frizzle till you are done brown.

Mog. Not to mention a name which is now my disgrace — you came here to meet a female.

Sam. (*aside*) Hollo! he suspects about Sarah.

Mog. You came here, I say, to meet a female.

Sam. No, I didn't — I came to see a young woman — that is —

Mog. Young woman! Yes, yes, I know now to my misfortune, that she is a young woman still! Sir, I know of your boasted triumphs with the fair sex.

Sam. Well, I believe I've done some mischief with the gals, but, 'pon my soul, I've never bragged about it.

Mog. (*violently*) Wretch! — monster! — I'll have your heart's blood!

Sam. Can't spare it — can't, indeed; couldn't get on at all without it.

Mog. To dare to steal into my house!

Sam. There, now he's coming the stealing dodge again.

Mog. Satisfaction! — I'll go for pistols and a second!

Sam. Let me go first, though.

Mog. I shall not be long, and, if you are a man, I shall find you here on my return.

Exit C. D. to R.

Sam. (*calling after him*) You'll have to make uncommon haste, then — And yet, I can't bolt without a fond farewell to Sarah. What a nice mess I am getting into. (*calling*) Sarah, behold your — I think I'd better keep quiet; she's sure to

come presently, and, in the mean time, I'll hide again. (*looking about*) But where? — why, where I was before. Old Moggridge, if he returns before I am gone, won't think of finding me there a second time; so here goes. 'Pon my soul, I shall blow Sarah up well; she ought to have told me old Moggridge was a maniac. (*Exit, D. L. 2 E.*)

Enter MRS. MOGGRIDGE, at window, L. C.

Mrs. M. Where is Mr. Moggridge? I have seen nothing of poor Augustus. Perhaps his heart has failed him, and he has returned to town. (*she has approached the room, L. 2 E., and now opens the door, and screams*) A man! — oh! (*sinks into chair*)

Re-enter SAM, L. 2. E., his hat in his hand.

Sam. Don't be afraid, mum, I'm quite harmless, I assure you.

Mrs. M. Why are you here, sir?

Sam. Well, mum, under circumstances, *you* are, really, almost the last person I should like to tell that — (*aside*) It's getting deeper and worsen every minute.

Mrs. M. (*rising*) But, sir —

Sam. All right, mum, no harm done — at any other time your orders shall be punctually attended to — good-day, mum. (*bows, puts his hat on, and is going off, c.*)

Mrs. M. Oh, heavens! 'tis he. (*calling*) August — (*checking herself*) Sir!

Sam. (*turning*) She says *august*, sir! She thinks I am a prince.

Mrs. M. (*taking his hand*) Oh — I am so glad to see you.

Sam. (*astonished*) No, are you though?

Mrs. M. (*compassionately*) Poor young man!

Sam. (*aside*) What's the matter with me now, I wonder?

Mrs. M. Mr. Moggridge is very cruel to you.

Sam. He's a regular old maniac!

Mrs. M. Fie, fie! I cannot allow you to speak thus of —

Sam. (*taking his hat off*) Ah, true, — beg your pardon, mum. (*aside*) I forgot she was his wife.

Mrs. M. I have been anxiously expecting you.

Sam. No, have you though? (*aside*) Well, ain't that droll?

Mrs. M. I knew you would arrive to-day; I happened very oddly, to see the letter which you wrote to —

Sam. (*aside*) Sarah dropped it, I suppose. (*aloud*) You don't mean to be hard, do you, mum?

Mrs. M. I — oh! no! Mr. Moggridge may say what he will, for I am determined to protect you.

Sam. 'Pon my soul, you're a reg'lar brick, mum.

Mrs. M. Rest assured that I am quite inclined to love you.

Sam. Don't baulk your inclination, I beg, mum. (*aside*) Old Moggridge knows about her attachment, I suppose, and that's what made him so savage with me.

Mrs. M. Indeed, it is now, you know, my duty to love you.

Sam. Is it, mum — I'm very glad to hear it. Do your duty like a man — I mean —

Mrs. M. (smiling) You are somewhat excited, and I am not surprised; but calm yourself, and believe me when I say that I will, indeed, be a mother to you.

Sam. Will you, really? (*aside*) How the devil is she going to set about it?

Mrs. M. And as to your father —

Sam. Oh, there's no occasion to serve me with that article, thank you, mum.

Mrs. M. What an odd young man you are; but my dear boy, you are not, I dare say, too well provided with money?

Sam. Well, there isn't many of us got too much of that article, you know.

Mrs. M. I understand. (*producing portmonnaie*) And if ten pounds —

Sam. (aside) My eye!

Enter SARAH, L. 1 E., and starts.

Mrs. M. (aside to SAM) Hush! some other time. (*puts portmonnaie away*)

Sam. — (aside.) What a narrow escape from a ten-pounder; never until the present moment was it unpleasant for Samuel to behold his Sarah.

Mrs. M. Sarah — you need not tell your master that you have seen this gentleman here.

Sarah. (astounded) Me, mum — 'tisn't likely, I think.

Sam. (aside to SARAH) Between you and me, of course you won't mind — Mrs. M. has fallen in love with me.

Sarah. What! (*crossing c.*) Missus! missus!

Sam. Hold your tongue, you fool.

Sarah. Sha'n't — aln't a-going to lose my Sammy if I knows it; young men is scarce nowadays. Missus!

Mrs. M. Well!

Sarah. You know who this young man is?

Mrs. M. Certainly, and I tell you that he is very dear to me.

Sarah. (staggering back to L.) Oh!

Sam. Didn't I say so?

Sarah. (aside) I'll tell master, blest if I don't — better lose my place than lose my Sammy. (*Exit crying, L. 1 E.*)

Mrs. M. Remain here while I seek my husband, and trust to my influence to obtain for you forgiveness and a hearty welcome — you have no idea how great a fancy I have taken to you.

Sam. (aside) She's rather forward, I think, for a married woman.

Mrs. M. Good-by — I shall not be long. (*offering her cheek*)

Sam. (aside) What's she cocking her head on one side for, like an old macaw?

Mrs. M. (laughing) You naughty boy, won't you kiss your mamma?

Sam. Oh, I'm blest.

(*stretches out his neck and kisses her cheek.* *MRS. MOGGRIDGE nods smilingly and runs off, C. D. to R.*)

Sam. (putting his hat on) Well, 'pon my soul, she's a brazen bit of goods. I'm afraid old Moggridge has got a damaged article, and that reminds me that he is gone for pistols, and if he sees me before his wife has gammoned him over — I'll hide here this time. (*opening door, R.*) Oh, my poor stomach is in a state of awful collapse — but in here I go, and — (*entering*)

ARAMINTA enters, C. D. from L., sees SAM, and screams.

Ara. (aside) Oh, horror — 'tis he — and searching for Harry. Stay, sir, I know you. (*pulls him back as he is going into room*)

Sam. Do you? then you ought to be proud of the acquaintance. (*aside*) What a nice mess I'm getting into amongst them.

Ara. I know, also, what brought you here.

Sam. Very likely; it was the railway — I've got a return ticket.

Ara. Yes; and you expect, I believe, to have a companion on your return.

Sam. Eh?

Ara. Oh I am aware of your vile purpose.

Sam. (aside) She thinks I am going to run away with Sarah. (*aloud*) No, no; upon my soul, you are mistaken.

Ara. Silence! of what avail are the protestations of a wretch who exults in the misery of his fellow-beings?

Sam. How do you mean — who's miserable?

Ara. Of one who lives and thrives by the basest means.

Sam. (aside) Ah! now she's alluding to our "three and four mixed."

Ara. But your intended victim shall escape you — and now, sir, quit the house — you have no business here; be gone, I say, for I sicken as I gaze on your most forbidding, most ruffianly countenance. (*crosses R.*)

Sam. Oh, well — (*aside*) And I can't strike a woman, my manhood won't let me! but if she's got a lame brother, or a bedridden old father, I'll give 'em such a tanning.

Ara. (aside) Yet I am wrong to anger him — better that I should soothe and bribe him. (*aloud*) My dear sir, I — I was but jesting with you.

Sam. Ah, well — a joke's a joke — but you come it rather too strong.

Ara. Here — *giving money* — here are two sovereigns — and now, pray forgive me —

Sam. Well, as you have made a suitable apology —

Ara. And return to town instantly — will you not? pray spare the individual you are pursuing — you well know whom I mean.

Sam. (*aside*) How she sticks to that notion, about Sarah.

Ara. (*clinging to him and looking up in his face*) Oh go — I implore you, go.

Enter HARRY FIELDING, C. D., from R., he starts.

Harry. Oh, this is too much. (*rushing forward, c.*) Villain!

Sam. Eh? I beg your pardon, did you speak to me?

Harry. Yes, you! — I know you!

Sam. (*aside*) What a lot of acquaintance I am picking up here.

Harry. I say again, I know you.

Sam. Well, don't brag about it to anybody, or they'll think I keep bad company.

Harry. What, sir? — as for you, madam —

Ara. (*aside to HARRY*) Hush, for heaven's sake — he is a sheriff's officer.

Harry. (*starting*) How! but you are deceiving me — it is that vile —

Ara. I tell you I have good reason to be certain of what I say.

Harry. Is it possible! and I thought — well — (*going to SAM and looking him over*) it can't be helped, and so —

Sam. (*aside*) He seems admiring my toggery.

Harry. Whose suit?

Sam. Eh? (*aside*) He says, "Whose suit?" the insulting vagabond.

Harry. Whose suit, I ask?

Sam. Whose? why, my own, of course.

Harry. Absurd!

Sam. Absurd! what do you mean? do you think I am like you, and don't pay my tailor?

Ara. (*aside to HARRY*) Hush, Harry; evidently he does not know you, so escape while you can.

Harry. You are right — I will.

Sam. (*strutting up to HARRY*) You needn't be so bounceable — *thrusting his hands into his pockets* because if you want anything in my way I can soon serve you.

(*HARRY bolts off, c. to L.*)

(*swaggering*) Didn't take me long to take the conceit out of that chap.

Enter MRS. MOGGRIDGE at window, from R.

(seeing her, aside) Oh, blow it, here's t'other now.

Mrs. M. Can't see anything of Mr. Moggridge. You here, Araminta! ah, you have no idea who this gentleman is.

Ara. (R.) Indeed, aunt, you are mistaken.

Mrs. M. (L.) Has he then told you?

Sam. (C.) No, 'pon my soul and body I haven't.

Mrs. M. (*caressing SAM*) He is a dear fellow, and we must, while he remains with us, pet him as much as possible.

Ara. (*aside*) My aunt, has, no doubt, some plot to get rid of him, and I must aid her. (*caressing SAM*) Oh! I assure you, aunt, I like him, vastly? (*they both pat his cheeks*)

Sam. Oh, crickey! (*putting his arms round their waists—aside*) I'm afraid I'm not acting exactly like a moral man in doing this sort of thing, but 'pon my soul, I can't help it!

(*kisses them both*)

MR. MOGGRIDGE and HARRY FIELDING enter C. D., from L., and rush forward.

Mog. (L.) Scoundrel!

Harry. (R.) Rascal!

Sam. (*still holding the ladies*) Now I'm in the thick of it!

Mrs. M. (*going to MR. MOGGRIDGE*) Pray, be cool, sir.

Ara. (*going to HARRY*) For your own sake, Harry, no violence to him.

Harry. My own sake!—for shame! Mr. Moggridge has convinced me that this fellow is—— Oh, I'll tear him all to pieces!

Sam. I beg you won't do anything of the sort.

Ara. (*clinging to SAM*) You shall not touch him!

Sam. Stick to that.

Mog. (*advancing*) I'll—I'll—

Mrs. M. (*clinging to SAM*) Harm him, and never will I forgive you.

Sam. And I'm blest if I do.

Mog. (*seizing SAM*) Oh, this is too much!

Sam. I perfectly agree with you.

Harry. (*seizing SAM*) Villain!

Sam. Murder—police!—call the police!

(*the WOMEN cling to SAM—the MEN pull and shake him—he breaks away with difficulty, seizes chair, and stands on the defensive. His coat in the scuffle is split up the back.*)

Sam. Keep off!—the first that approaches, man or woman, I'll blow his brains out.

Mog. Oh, I feel that I am near my latter end!

Sam. Well, then, sit down, can't you? Sit down, and compose yourself, while Mrs. M. mends my coat. Here's a nice sight, ain't it? (*turning round*)

Mog. Frizzle, madam, Frizzle! — I shall die of Frizzle!

Harry. (to SAM) I insist on satisfaction.

Sam. I don't wish to have anything to say to you, young man; but if the old 'un here wants any article in my line, he can very soon be accommodated.

(turns back his cuffs, and squares at MR. MOGGRIDGE)

Mrs. M. For shame, sir! — would you strike your parent?

Sam. My what?

Mrs. M. (taking SAM by the hand) Come, Mr. M., forgive your son.

Mog. My son — what, he?

Mrs. M. (to SAM) Tell him boldly you are his son.

Sam. What, and have that old lunatic for a father? — no, I'm blest if I do!

All. (except SAM, shouting) Sarah! — Sarah!

SARAH enters L. 1 E., in great consternation.

Mog. (L. C.) Sarah, on your oath, isn't that Frizzle? Didn't you tell me that he was Frizzle?

Harry. (R.) And me?

Mrs. M. Did not you tell me that he was Augustus Moggridge?

Ara. (R. C.) And me that he was a sheriff's officer.

Sarah. (L.) Oh! I don't know what's happened, but the white hat has done it all.

Sam. (C.) Has it? then what a blessing it ain't paid for.

Mrs. M. Tell us, truly, who you are?

Sam. You tell 'em, Sarah — because, just now, I'm so confused that, 'pon my soul, I don't know whether I'm myself or some other blackguard.

Sarah. Kneel, Sammy. (SAM and SARAH kneel, C.) If you please, it's my young man, come from London.

Mrs. M. (laughing) And this really is —

Sam. Yes, I'm Mr. Sam Sloeleaf, of that well-known establishment, "The People's Tea Pot," and Sarah's young man. (all laugh, except SAM and SARAH, who look at each other astonished)

Perhaps you'd like to try our "three and four mixed."

Sam. Well, I don't see anything to laugh at; do you, Sarah?

Mog. I see, the white hat has misled us all. But, oh! I have still to dread —

Mrs. M. Frizzle? Nonsense! Besides, he was this morning married to —

Mog. Married! Hurrah! (jumping about)

Harry. Hurrah! (throwing his hat up)

Sam. (throwing his hat up and jumping about) Hurrah!

Mog. What are you about?

Sam. I don't know; only I thought you might want me to help you a little in the jumping line.

Mog. Sarah, you have broken our contract, and are discharged *instantly*.

Sarah. Sammy, what's *instantly*?

Sam. It means that the sooner you hook it the better.

Sarah. Oh, dear!

Sam. Don't cry, Sarah!—behold your Samuel!—we'll be married directly.

Sarah. Hurrah! (*embracing him*)

Mrs. M. (*aside to SAM, giving note*) This ten-pound note which I was, you know, a while ago about to give you —

Sam. Thankye, mum. Moggridge, ain't you going to shell out? Look at my coat. I've got a snug corner shop in my eye—give me a call and try my "three and four mixed." You'll know the shop, there'll be a spanking likeness of a little teapot over the door. And I shall sell a pure article, that is, pretty pure; you know what I mean—same as the rest of the trade, you know—and you must have very hard hearts if you won't encourage so deserving an individual as SARAH'S YOUNG MAN!

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